*Falſ.* Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buc. krom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Falſ.* Their points being broken,

*Poines.* Downe fell his hoſe.

*Fal.* Began to giue me ground, but I followed me cloſe, came in foot & hand, & with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

*Prin.* O monſtrous! eleuen bukrom men grown out of two?

*Fal.* But as the diuell wold haue it, three miſ-begottē knaues, in *Kendall* greeen, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, *Hal*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

*Prin.* Theſe lyes are like the father that begets thē, groſſe as a moūtain, opē palpable. Why thou clay braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

*Fal.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prin.* Why how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall* greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon, What ſaiſt thou to this?

*Poines.* Come your reaſon Iacke, your reaſon.

*Fal.* What, vpon compulſion? Zounds, and I were at the ſtrappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

*Prin.* Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſin This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

*Fal.* Zbloud you ſtaruling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzell, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to vtter what is like thee? you taylers yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

*Prin.* Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe cōpariſons, hear me ſpeak but thus.

*Poyn.* Marke, *Iacke.*

*Prin.* We two, ſaw you foure, ſet on foure & bound them, & were maſters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhal put you downe: then did we two ſet on you foure, and with a word



word, outfac'd you from yo
it you here in the houſe: an
way as nimbly, with as quic
ſtill run and roare, as euer I h
to hack thy ſword as thou ha
what tricke? what deuice?
find out, to hide thee from t

*Poin.* Come lets heare *Iac*

*Falſ.* By the Lord, I kn
Why heare you my maiſte
apparant? ſhould I turne v
knoweſt I am as valiant as *H*
on will not touch the true P
was a Coward on inſtinct,
and thee, during my life; I, fo
Prince: but, by the Lord L
Hoſteſſe clap to the doores,
Gallants, Lads, Boyes, He
fellowſhip come to you. Wh
a Play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the arg

*Fal.* A, no more of that *H*

*Hoſ.* O Ieſu, my Lord th

*Prin.* How now my Lady

*Hoſ.* Marry, my L. there is
would ſpeake with you: he

*Prin.* Giue him as much a
ſend him backe againe to m

*Fal.* What manner of ma

*Hoſ.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grauitie
giue him his anſwer?

*Prin.* Prethee doe *Iacke.*

*Fal.* Fayth, and ile ſend hi

*Prin.* Now ſirs: birlady y
did you *Bardol*; you are Lyo
you will not touch the true

*Bar.* Faith, I ran when I ſ

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